

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

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EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

The bank at Monte Carlo is reported losing heavily again. Stale bait, this.

The Duke of Sutherland graciously explains that he has come over here to hunt. Well, what?

If the engagements in which Russia lost 1,300 men were "skirmishes" what will the battles be like?

London papers report a "successful rat show" at Cheltenham. Successful rats must be scarce in England.

The czar announces his intention of going without caviare during the war. That's dead easy to most people.

One of the best first basemen in the American association is deaf and dumb. Why can't pugilists be like that?

The Hon. Yi Yonk Ik, who used to rule Korea, never could read or write. And now he can't even make his mark.

With the X-rays and N-rays discovered the scientists can proceed at their leisure to fill in the other rays from A to Z.

A woman gets her enjoyment out of talking about scandals she isn't in, a man out of being in scandals that aren't talked about.

California sends word that half the asparagus crop is ruined. Guess we'll have to make it something else a la vinaigrette this year.

A man in Richmond, Va., woke up the other morning to find that he had inherited a million dollars. Most of us lose ours that way.

Mrs. "Buffalo Bill" Cody says her husband has been "administering poison to himself for many years." Another jab at Kentucky?

Herbert Spencer's dislike for Carlyle, however, was probably a mild and amiable emotion compared with Carlyle's feelings toward Spencer.

It is perfectly evident that the deaf and dumb man who has invented an umbrella lock can read, and that he takes the funny columns seriously.

A St. Louis woman refused to marry a man until she knew that he was "saved." Most girls consider a man well enough saved when they get him.

Probably the "motorpathia cerebral" from which the automobilist suffers is no worse than the ailments contracted by the persons he runs over.

Hostilities ought to cease after this. The Russians Muscovite the Japanese and have sent their best admiral to Makarov house.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Denver man has declined to take \$1,800,000 which was willed to him by a rich uncle. Really, he ought to be given an opportunity to address young John D's Bible class.

The Wall street broker who has just taken out the largest life insurance policy ever issued—for \$1,500,000—will also have to pay the largest premiums—\$45,000 a year.

Word comes from Paris that the famous Queen's necklace—out of which Dumas made so much valuable copy—has been stolen. Huh! Sothen must be going to revive D'Artagnan.

That Trans-Siberian railway is a wonderful enterprise. It works just as well after it has been blown up in several hundred places as it could if every rail and tie were in position.

Perhaps a man down in Maine who announces that he is going to devote his time to studying the cat language will eventually make some important additions to the dictionary of profanity.

Two Frenchmen fought a duel before a cinematograph. There are getting to be so many ways of becoming famous nowadays that it is no insignificant stunt to do it in an original manner.

"A Book of Verses underneath a Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread and Thou"
—but it makes such a difference who the "Thou" is.

A Philadelphia demonstrator of anatomy says that men excel women in beauty. Still the girls needn't be discouraged; most of them are doing well enough to make us look like 30 cents when they want to.

Jewelry must be fashionable. A gentleman says that he met a lady in New York who had a farm on each wrist, a department store around her neck, and at least six memberships of the Bible society attached to her ears.

The Baltimore scientist who has run across the mumps germ says it's not so tall as the typhoid fever bacillus nor so thin as the tuberculosis microbe. If you must make the acquaintance of the germs, pick out the short, fat ones.

JEST NUTS

Was Onto Him.

Ernestine—Yes, indeed; pa came in the parlor two or three times and caught Jack on his knees proposing. Jack stammered out that he was hunting for a collar button.

Edna—Does he still work that game?

Ernestine—No. Papa leaves a card of collar buttons on the table each night now.

An Excellent Idea.

"Girls who want to go in for literature," he said, "should take up the realistic school of fiction."

"You think so?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. And then they should write domestic stories that deal with the home."

"But why?"

"Because it would do them a lot of good to get the necessary experience."

PROOF.



She—Am I the first girl you ever kissed?
He—Do you think I am acting like a beginner?

Neglected Her for Papa.

Beautiful Ernestine was sobbing as though her heart would break.

"What is it, dear?" asked the girl friend.

"W-why," she sobbed, "I told Jack, after he proposed, to go up and see papa."

"What of that?"

"Why, they started playing cards, and now he goes up to see papa every night."—Stray Stories.

Effectual.

"Mrs. Biggins is determined that her daughter shall not marry young. So she decided to discourage any attentions from young men."

"Didn't she find it difficult?"

"No. She managed it easily by having her taught to discuss Browning and play the violin."—Washington Star.

Something the Matter.

Chauffeur (who used to be a groom)—Sorry, sir, but we can't take out the sorrel automobile this morning.

His Master—Can't, eh? Well, what's the matter with it?

Chauffeur—The left hand tire is wadded and there's a spavin on the right fore wheel.

Sounds All Right.

"Of course, the whole is greater than any of its parts."

"I don't know about that."

"You don't! Perhaps you can tell me of a case where the whole of anything is less than the thing itself."

"Certainly. The hole of a porous plaster."

Plenty of Poor Stuff.

"But do you think," asked the visitor in the local option town, "that prohibition really prevents?"

"Well," replied the native, "it prevents a fellow from getting the best of whisky, but it doesn't prevent the whisky from getting the best of him."

Preferences.

"We never get precisely what we want in this life," said the philosopher.

"That's right," answered the cynic, "a lot of towns through the country are getting libraries when they would rather have the cash."

Sure to Be a Big One.

"She is going to organize a new society of international scope that she says will be the largest in existence."

"What is she going to call it?"

"The Daughters of the South American Revolutions."

Referred to "Our Dumb Animals."

"Why don't you try to drive that mule without profanity?"

"It wouldn't do any good," answered the canal boatman. "It ain't fair to the mule to ask it to start in at its time o' life to learn a whole lot o' polite synonyms."

Familiar Instance.

"Tommy," asked the teacher, "what do you understand by the word 'create'?"

"To make out of nothing."

"Give me an example."

"My sister creates a pompadour every morning."

Anything but Hard.

"It's nonsense to say 'the way of the transgressor is hard,'" remarked the man who had been taken in by an oily swindler.

"Yes?"

"Yes, his way is usually square."

Didn't Want That Sort of Pay.

"I have nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer who had concluded a suit for her.

"Well," said the lawyer gruffly, "go to my clerk. He takes the fees."

A Trifling Difference.

"I'm a little in doubt," said the doctor. "Your trouble is either one of two things."

"What are they?" asked the patient.

"Appendicitis or the stomach ache. However, we can settle that."

"How?"

"By cutting you open, of course."

Solved at Last.

The Cabbage—How are you feeling, old chap?

The Egg—Oh, I'm quite strong, but I'm not feeling very good.

The Cabbage—That being the case, suppose we visit the theater tonight?

And that, gentle reader, is what led up to their going on the stage.

Quite Another Plan.

"A day," said the sheriff, "has ceased to be twenty-four hours, and now is only from sunrise to sunset."

"I wish you could get 'em to figure it that way at the penitentiary," remarked the man who had just been sentenced. "It would shorten my term quite a bit."

The Point of View.

"Who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," remarked the chronic proverb quoter.

"Possibly," rejoined the student of human nature, "but the sorrowing isn't to be compared with that of the individual who goes a-lending."

Trying to Place It.

"I'd like to see that young Japanese prince."

"A Japanese prince? Where is he?"

"Oh, he's traveling incognito."

"Is he? I'm so dreadfully weak about geography names. That's up near Manchuria, isn't it?"

Booming Business.

"That lobbyist seems to have a good deal of money to spend," remarked the first councilman.

"Yes," replied the other, "he's working for an ordinance to allow automobiles unlimited speed."

"Ah! In the interest of the auto club?"

"No, the undertakers' trust."

About the Size of One.

"Is that a chicken?" asked the boarder dimly.

"Of course," replied the landlady. "What did you think it was?"

"A canary," answered the boarder, as he counted the number of people to be served and made a mental calculation as to the size of the slice that he might expect.

Would Make Trouble.

"Money talks," said the rich man.

"Oh, no, it doesn't," was the reply. "and it's a mighty good thing that it doesn't, too."

"Why?"

"Because if it did it might be put on the witness stand to the great discomfort of some of the people who have it."

Leap Year.

He—What do you think of a girl who will take advantage of leap year to propose?

She—I think the girl who has to wait for leap year isn't very smart.

He—But men do the proposing in other years.

She—They think they do.—Boston Transcript.

Stamps.

"Ten 2-cent stamps you asked for, madam," said the postoffice clerk, "and there they are."

"But where are the others?" she demanded.

"What others?"

"The trading stamps. I got them everywhere I deal."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Better Scheme.

The young clergyman was under the impression that there had been some criticism because he preached extemporaneously.

"Do you think I ought to write my sermons?" he asked.

"No," replied the sarcastic deacon. "I think you ought to buy them."

Somewhat of a Drawback.

Mrs. Hauskeep—Della, I don't want you to be entertaining that policeman in the kitchen any more.

Della—But Miss Edith is in the parlor most at the time, ma'am, an, O! don't think Mr. O'Flynn would enj'y her society, her bel'n' strange to him.

Patriotic.

"So you submitted a poem to the great editor?" interrogated Pearl.

"I suppose you tied it with a blue ribbon?"

"No, I used red, white and blue," replied Edith. "It was called 'Our Flag.'"

Her Retort.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said.

"Oh, they're not worth it," she replied. "I was thinking of you."

OBEEDIENT.



Lady of the House—Martha, I told you an hour ago to turn on the gas in the dining-room.
Martha—Yas 'em, an' I did it, too. Can't you smell it?

Important Clue.

"Shay, offsher," began the belated citizen, "I—hic—want you t' shoo me home. You—hic—know where my house is, don't you?"

"Let me see," mused the policeman, "what's the name of your cook?"

A Fallacy.

"What I say is true. Besides, 'seeing is believing,' you know."

"Oh, not always."

"No?"

"No. I see you, for instance."

She Thought So, Too.

Little Brother—Do you know, Ma-bel, I believe if I weren't here Captain Spooner would kiss you.

"Leave the room this minute, you impertinent little boy!"—Punch.

WOULDN'T SPLIT A PAIR.

New York Woman Had Presence of Mind and Generosity.

Because she had not time to return for a glove she had dropped, and knowing it would be as useless to the person at whose feet it had fallen as its mate would be to her, a woman tossed the glove she held in her hand after the one that was lost. The incident happened on the stairway to an elevated station.

The woman, richly dressed, was hurrying up the stairs, as if late in keeping an engagement, and was putting on a new pair of gloves that were in keeping with the rest of her attire. One was partly on her hand when the other slipped from her grasp, struck the rail and dropped to the street. As it fell it hit the arm of a plainly dressed girl standing below. The woman paused for the part of a moment, looked after the falling glove and met the glance of the startled girl. Then, without stopping in her ascent, she stripped from her hand the glove which she had been putting on and tossed it after its fellow.

Smiling at the girl, she anticipated the thanks she knew would be coming to her, and called out pleasantly: "You are welcome."

Before the girl had recovered from her surprise the woman was out of sight, but the new pair of gloves remained.—New York Press.

OF COURSE IT WAS HERS.

How Kermit Roosevelt Proved Ownership of Goldfish.

Kermit Roosevelt is a strategist of no mean ability. He and his youngest sister once were partners in an aquarium containing two goldfish, which had been given to them for Christmas. One morning, on going into the nursery, Kermit found only one fish in the aquarium; the other had leaped out on to the carpet in the night and met the usual fate of a fish out of water.

"Sister," he announced at breakfast, "your goldfish is dead."

The little girl, in bereavement, forgot that the fishes were exactly alike and that the partners had never made a definite division. But after the period of mourning was over she asked one morning:

"Kermit, how did you know it was my fish that died?"

Driven into a corner, Kermit took refuge in an air of superior contempt.

"How did I know?" he repeated scornfully. "Huh! Just like a girl!"

Inferring that the lack of reasoning powers usually attributed to her sex prevented her from understanding the situation, she meekly accepted her brother's decision.—New York Times.

English Marriage Rate Declining.

Like everything else the marriage trade in England is bad. Registrars of marriages are complaining. They state that there has been an appreciable falling off in their duties during the past year, and that consequently their fees have been less. The tendency is still very much on the downward road. It is only in times of prosperity that the young folk can find the necessary funds for starting housekeeping. Few of them can think of marriage just at present. The Sheffield Telegraph points out that the decline in the marriage rate is not confined to the working classes, which rather suggests that there are other causes at work as well as bad trade. If the young men are growing too nervous to take on the responsibilities of matrimony the ladies have the opportunities this year of reminding them of their duties. But even with the assistance of leap year it is not expected that there will be an appreciable improvement in the marriage rate until trade is better.—London St. James Gazette.

He Had the License.

The pilots who bring the ships in through the dangerous reefs which guard the harbor of Hamilton, Bermuda, are among the most celebrated of their calling. One family has held the chief place in this respect for many generations—the Fox family of Long Island. A short time ago, one of the younger pilots, and a member of this family, was to be married. His bride was awaiting him at the church, and he was rowed by his assistant over to Paget, where the ceremony was to take place. Arrived at the church, the rector asked him for his license.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I've forgotten it. He was rowed swiftly back to Hamilton, and within a few minutes he appeared again before the waiting crowd. "Here it is!" he cried, triumphantly.

The rector unrolled the document, and found a license which stated that James Fox was a competent pilot, and capable of conducting ships into the harbor of Hamilton.

There Are No Old Barbers.

With precious few exceptions, no barber over 40 can find a job. It is explained to me that by the time that age is reached "tonsorial artists" are so nervous as to be a menace to their patrons. Hundreds drop out of the trade annually, to become bartenders, peddlers, waiters, or butchers. Most of them are butchers at all times. Ninety out of a hundred never try to become proficient in their calling. They would not be capable of giving you a satisfactory shave or hair cut in a thousand years. Men will go miles to find a good barber.—New York Press.

Danger in Skipping the Rope.

A little girl of nine years, skipped the rope 200 times in Pittsburg, Pa., in competition with other children and died soon after of heart disease.

POULTRY



Egg Shell Material.

It is comparatively easy to supply material for the shell of the egg. Old mortar pounded, oyster and clam shells ground up, and bones cut up quite fine and ground, all serve the needed purpose. It is far easier to keep the hen supplied with egg-shell material than it is to keep her supplied with grit. About one-tenth of the weight of the egg is the shell. In 100 pounds of eggs there are ten pounds and over of lime in the form of the shell. When eggs sell for twenty cents per pound this means that \$2.00 has been taken in for lime in the shell, a material that cost nothing as a feed. The better the supply of this material the stronger will be the shell. Weak shells are never desirable. When the supply of lime is cut off the shells are poorly formed and are sometimes so thin that they break too easily. This is a great annoyance to the buyers; it prevents their ready transportation, and it is the cause of frequent accidents with the eggs in the home pantry and kitchen. We have seen eggs with shells so thin that they broke under the pressure of the thumb and fingers when they were being handled with the usual amount of care. The worst feature is, however, that the eggs break in the nests and start the hens into the habit of egg-eating.

Andalusians.

The Andalusian is one of the prettiest fowls of the feathered race, being of a beautiful light and dark blue plumage. It is called the Blue Andalusian, and is the only variety of its class. It is not as popular in this country as it should be, owing to the



BLUE ANDALUSIAN HEN.

sentiment against white skin and blue shanks. English and French poultry men prefer these qualities in a bird, and with them it is very popular. They are nonsitters and splendid layers of large white eggs, averaging in size those of the Minorca. Specimens of their eggs have been seen in competition and the award of merit bestowed for size and weight. The chicks are hardy, mature early and pullets begin laying when five or six months old.

Feed for Chicks.

It must be remembered that the little chick has absolutely no need of food for the first twenty-four to forty-eight hours after coming out of the shell. Nature has arranged a food for it, and this is already in process of being digested. So the fear that he little thing will die for lack of nourishment is unfounded. The little deco of sharp bone on the beak at this time can be left on, as it will all off soon enough for the good of the chick. If it be picked off and the chick fed within a few hours after birth, so much the worse for the chick. When the chicken gets the scale off its beak and really wants food, it will show it with plainness. It will begin to peck at everything around. The first food given should be soft food, as that would be the food that would naturally come to the chick in a state of nature. It has no grit in its crop at this time and consequently cannot readily use things that have to be ground. In its wild state it would have picked up small bugs and worms. Feed it soft food. One of the best that can be given consists of stale bread dipped in milk. This should not be wet so much that it will not crumble. Bread newly baked and that is soft and mushy can hardly be recommended for chicks at this age. A little later ground grain of almost any kind may be mixed with milk and feed. One way to improve this is to permit it to soak in the milk for some hours before using. This renders it soft. Sweet milk is best to give at this period, while sour milk and curd may be used later.

Inside Wall of the Dairy Barn.

A good many of our readers will be building new barns and stables this season. While they are planning for that work, one feature should not be forgotten, and that is the sheathing with matched and smooth lumber inside. Unless this is done, it will be exceedingly difficult to prevent the accumulation of dust and shavings from the hay, especially where it is stored above the cows on scaffolds. Under the ordinary arrangement of our stables, it is very difficult to either keep the inside of the stables clean or to whitewash them effectively. To leave the lumber rough, even if it is matched, is to do the work half. It is better to make a complete job of it and have a barn that will be in years to come a satisfaction in every way.